

PRABUDDHA BHARATA

OR

Awakened India

उत्तिष्ठत जाग्रत प्राप्य वरान्निबोधत ।

Arise ! Awake ! and stop not till the goal is reached

Katha. Upa. I. iii. 4

No. 77, DECEMBER 1902

CONTENTS :

Sri Ramakrishna's Teachings	208
Manhood, <i>Sananda</i>	209
Epistles of Swami Vivekananda—I, II	211, 213	
From J. C. Bose	214
Maya, ' <i>Lux</i> '	215
A Dream, <i>C. S.</i>	219
Review :				
Shakespeare's Hamlet and the Waste of Life, <i>William Miller</i> ,				
<i>C. I. E., D. D., LL. D.</i>	220
In Memoriam : Swami Vivekananda	222
News and Notes	224
Ramakrishna Sevashrama Report	ii

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SRI RAMAKRISHNA'S TEACHINGS

THE VIDYA EGO OR THE HIGHER SELF—II

Master's talk with a disciple :—

Master :—Have I any *abhiman* (egoism)?

Disciple :—Yes, a little and that little has been kept with a view to the following objects: first, the preservation of the body ; second, the culture of *bhakti* or devotion to God ; third, the desire to mix in the company of Bhaktas (devotees): fourth, the desire to give instruction to others. At the same time it must be said that you have kept it only after a good deal of *prayer*. My idea is that the natural state of your soul is capable of being described only by the word *samadhi*. Hence I say that the *abhiman* or egoism that you possess is the result of *prayer*.

Master :—Yes, but *it is not I that have kept it* (this self) *but it is my Divine Mother*. It lies with my Divine Mother to grant the prayer.

THE truly wise man is he who has seen the Lord. He becomes like a child. The child no doubt seems to have an individuality, a separateness of its own. But that individuality is a mere appearance, not a reality. The self of a child is nothing like the self of the grown-up man.

The Lord he has seen and he is now a changed being.

THE steel sword no sooner comes in contact with the touchstone than it is turned into gold. It goes on, no doubt, to have the appearance of a sword, but it does no longer harm any body. Our *ahamkar* (the ego) if purified by the realisation of God—if made pure by seeing God—cannot do harm to anybody.

THE Self (*aham*) of the child is again like the face reflected in the mirror. The face in the mirror looks exactly like the real face ; only it does nobody any harm.

AFTER the attainment of Samadhi some have the ego—the ego of the servant, the ego of the devotee. Sankaracharya kept the ego of Vidya (knowledge) for the teaching of others.

THE ego of the servant, the ego of the devotee—the ego of Vidya—these are the names of the ripe ego.

THE “Servant I, the ‘I’ of a devotee or the ‘I’ of a child” is like the line drawn with a stick on a sheet of water. It does not last long.

MANHOOD

THE belief is not only common but strong among the Hindus, echoed, as it is, all through the Purans, that incarnation in the human body occurs after long rounds of sojourn in less developed forms. In the opening verses of Vivekachudamani Sankara too lays re-iterated stress on the fact that the human body is difficult of attainment. Says he in the sixth verse :—

“Rare is the attainment of these three—due to the grace of the gods—manhood, desire for Moksha and the society of the spiritually great.”

Though Hinduism, like the less developed forms of religion, cannot hold that the lower beings are without soul, the belief among Hindus is general that it is almost impossible for any being lower than the human to rise to the higher regions of spiritual thought and feeling. That is within the practicable reach of human beings alone.

It will be interesting now to enquire into the full significance of the word “manhood.” According to our Sacred Scriptures difference between a human and a lower being lies in the difference of the manifestation of the Omnipresent Spiritual Principle—the Self. The human form is blessed with organisation which can assimilate and express this Inner Light in a much greater measure than a lower form. In short therefore the manness of man consists in the sharing of a larger influx of the Self, with its necessary consequences,—the

possession of a wider area of consciousness, a higher and more complex thought-mechanism and a greater and fuller sense life.

“Unto whom much has been given, of him much shall be required” is an universal principle. By use, exercise, or investment, by expressing or giving out are all things gained and increased. He grows not who invests not. Atrophy overtakes disuse. Use, play, expansion is life and growth. Degeneration and death are the rightful heirs of stagnation and disuse.

We have seen that according to the Rishis manhood consists in a fuller possession of Self-hood than the lower beings. *Noblesse oblige*. Rank imposes responsibilities. The basic principle of manhood then is *Self-respect*, a Self-respect as much higher and fuller than that possessed by a lower animal as the proportion is between man's Light of Reason and that of a lower being. A man without his due proportion of Self-respect is a myth, a building without a base, a circle without a centre.

Self-respect is the poise between self-negation and self-assertion. While self-control,—a healthy check on the lower impulses and propensities—is essential, self-assertion, when the higher nature or fairness demands it, is by no means less requisite in the constitution of a manly Self-respect. Indeed, to descend from the general to the particular, a right self-assertion (and therefore Self-respect)

is what has been most lacking in this unfortunate land since long. Of self-assertion, a mean and cowardly oppression on the weak and down-trodden there has been enough. India is full of it to-day, not only as it is expressed in individual lives, but also in her social constitution—in the attitude of the so-called higher castes towards the lower. But for the right kind of self-assertion one might look long, and in vain. Putting up with dishonesty and unfairness, pocketing insults and insolence when they proceed from one either really or (more often than not) only apparently, more powerful: the bidding of farewell with all that is noble and manly in man for a wretched pittance—these are the order of the day. And yet we are not ashamed to cry, and that *ad nauseam*, that we are a spiritual people. Where, if we are spiritual, is that spiritual magnetism, the *Brahma Tejas* which used to overpower even mighty Kshatra Tejas as nothing? Where is that wonderful potency a sight of which was enough for even Vishwamitra to forego his kingdom and make super-human efforts to attain it? Echo answers where.

No, the fact is we are hypnotised by the past and like monomaniacs preying upon our own minds and dwelling on a past that is *completely past*. We are so enveloped by Tamas that we cannot even know it and therefore *mis-know* it. The Lord has well said in the Gita (XVIII. 32):

“That which enveloped in darkness regards *Adharma* as *Dharma* and sees all things as perverted, that intellect, O Partha! is Tamasic.”

How painfully true is this in the case of modern India! A people sunk into the grossest unspirituality claiming to be spiritual! A people without Self-respect can hardly deserve to be called by that name. And as we have said in the beginning of the paper, it is only possible for *human beings* to be spiritual in the true sense of the word. And we have said too that a human being without his due proportion of Self-respect is a myth, a monster.

Let us look facts squarely in the face while there is yet time and hope. As a people we have to re-learn Self-respect. We have to learn to be men by training ourselves to put up with inconvenience and perhaps loss if necessary, for the sake of seeing that an unjust social act is not perpetrated, that we are not made a party to a dishonest or unfair transaction, that we are not high-handedly deprived of a right, that the traditions and the beliefs that we hold dear are not trampled by arrogant feet under our eyes.

There was a time when the epithet ‘mild Hindu’ implied the self-controlled Hindu. But we have gone on self-controlling so that it now means the Hindu without Self-respect, the Hindu without moral courage! What is milder than a corpse?

No, the truth is we have lost our *tejas*, our moral strength. This is how it happened. The march downward began with our ancestors carefully cultivating distinction and division among themselves. Of course the caste system lent itself beautifully to this process. Thus was hatred sown. Hearts and sympathies were narrowed and the poison that was harboured in the social system to

kill the less favoured in it killed the system itself—for the Social Organism is One Whole. National hate and disunion ended in national unmanliness by drying up its springs of moral strength or tejas.

Let us, in the name of all that is sacred, open our eyes, before it is too late. It is late enough now. Let us in the Form of Hindu Society cultivate Love and Sympathy and weed out Inequality and Hatred. Let us with our heart's blood expiate for the past oppression on the so-called lower classes. Let us throw open all the gates and avenues, all the art-museums and treasure-chambers, all the privileges and powers in the Palace

of our Hindu State,—social and spiritual, to the brothers who have been left out in the cold and in the dark, so long. And with it, let us cultivate Self-respect, let us cultivate tejas,—the force of character and action which should well up in every Hindu breast with the consciousness that he is a heir to Brahmarshis and Rajarshis and above all, let us every morning and when we awake from sleep, with folded hands pray to the Paramatman—the Self in us, our own Self, the Source of all Truth and Power—"O Thou the Source of Ojas, give us ojas, O Source of Virya, give us virya, O Source of Valam, give us valam."

SANANDA.

EPISTLES OF SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

I.

(Written in Bengali, to the Editor of "Bharati" and printed in the original in that magazine, Vol. XXVI, 5. †)

ओं तत् सत्,

ROSE BANK,
The Maharaja of Burdwan's House,
Darjeeling,
6th April, 1897.

Honored Madam,

I feel much obliged for the "Bharati" sent by you and consider myself fortunate that the cause to which my humble life has been dedicated has been able to win the approbation of highly talented ladies like you.

In this battle of life, men are rare who incite the initiator of new thought, not to speak of women who would offer him encouragement; particularly in our unfortunate land. It is therefore that the approbation of an educated Bengali lady is more valued than the loud applause of all the men of India.

May the Lord grant that many women like you be born in this country and devote their lives to the betterment of their motherland!

I have something to say in regard to the article you have written about me in the *Bharati*. It is this. It has been for the good of India that religious preaching in the West has been and will be done. It has been ever my conviction

† Rendered into English by V. for *Prabuddha Bharata*.

that we shall not be able to rise unless the Western people come to our help. In this country there can yet be found no appreciation of merit, no financial strength, and what is the most lamentable of all, there is not a bit of practicality.

There are many things to be done, but means are wanting in this country. We have brains, no hands. We have the doctrine of Vedanta, we have not the power to reduce it into practice. In our books there is the doctrine of Universal equality, in work we make great distinctions. It was in India that unselfish and disinterested work of the most exalted type was preached, but in practice *we* are awfully cruel, awfully heartless—unable to think of anything besides our own mass-of-flesh bodies.

Yet it is only through the present state of things that it is possible to proceed to work. There is no other way. Every one has the power to judge of good and evil, but he is the hero who undaunted by the waves of *samsara*, which is full of errors, delusions and miseries, with one hand wipes the tears, and with the other, unshaken, shows the path of deliverance. On the one hand there is the conservative society, like a mass of matter; on the other, the restless impatient, fire-darting reformer; the way to good lies between the two. I heard in Japan that it was the belief of the girls of that country that their dolls would be animated if they were loved with the heart. The Japanese girl never breaks her doll. Oh you of great fortune, I too believe that India will awake again if any one could love with the whole heart the people of the country—bereft of the grace of affluence, of blasted

fortune, their discretion totally lost, down-trodden, ever starved, quarrelsome and envious. Then will India awake when hundreds of large-hearted men and women giving up all desires of enjoying the luxuries of life will long, and exert themselves to their utmost, for the well-being of the millions of their countrymen who are gradually sinking lower and lower in the vortex of destitution and ignorance. I have experienced even in my insignificant life, that good motive, sincerity and infinite love can conquer the world. One single soul possessed of these virtues can destroy the dark designs of millions of hypocrites and brutes.

My going over to the West again is yet uncertain; if I go, know that too will be for India. Where is the strength of men in this country? Where is the strength of money? Many men and women of the West are ready to do good to India by serving even the lowest *chandals*, in the Indian way, and through the Indian religion. How many such are there in this country? And financial strength!! To meet the expenses of my reception the people of Calcutta made me deliver a lecture by selling tickets, and when that too fell short they sent me a bill for rupees three hundred!!! I do not blame or censure anybody, I only want to show that our well-being is impossible without men and money coming from the West.

Ever grateful

and

ever praying to the Lord for your welfare,

VIVEKANANDA.

II.

(Written in 1893 to a Madras friend who suffered then a severe domestic affliction †)

Dear——

“Naked we come out of our mother’s womb and naked we return; blessed be the name of the Lord.” Thus said the old Jewish saint when suffering the greatest calamities that can befall to man, and he erred not. Herein lies the whole secret of Existence. Waves may roll over the surface and tempests rage, but deep down there is the stratum of infinite calmness, infinite peace, and of infinite bliss. “Blessed are they that sorrow, for they shall be comforted.” And why? Because it is during these moments of visitations when the heart is wrung by hands which never stop for the father’s cries or the mother’s wail, when under the load of sorrow, dejection and despair, the world seems to be cut off from under our feet and when the whole horizon seems to be nothing but an impenetrable sheet of misery and utter despair, the internal eyes open, light flashes all of a sudden, the dream vanishes and intuitionally we come face to face with the grandest mystery in nature—Existence. Yes—then it is when the load would be sufficient to sink a lot of frail vessels—the man of genius, of strength, the hero sees that infinite, absolute, ever-blissful existence *per se*, that infinite being who is called and worshipped under different names, under different climes. Then it is, when for a time the shackles that bind it down to this hole of misery break as it were for a time, the unfettered soul rises and rises

until it reaches the throne of the Lord where the wicked cease to torment and the weary are at rest. Cease not, brother, to send up petitions day and night, cease not to say day and night **THY WILL BE DONE**,

“Ours not the question why,
Ours but to do and die.”

Blessed be Thy name, O Lord! And Thy will be done. Lord, we know that we are to submit; Lord, we know that it is the Mother’s hand that is striking, and the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak. There is, Father of Love, an agony at the heart which is fighting against that calm resignation which Thou teachest. Give us strength, O, Thou who saw Thy whole family destroyed before Thine eyes, with Thine hands crossed on Thy breast. Come, Lord, Thou Great Teacher, who hast taught us that the soldier is only to obey and speak not. Come, Lord, come Arjun’s charioteer and teach me as Thou once taughtest him that resignation in *Thyself* is the highest end and aim of this life, so that with those great ones of old, I may also firmly and resignedly cry *Om Sri Krishnarpanamastu*. May the Lord send you peace is the prayer day and night of

SATCHIDANANDA.†

All the wide world beside us
Are like multitudinous
Shadows shifting from a scene—
What but mockery may they mean.
—Shelley.

†Swamiji’s name was Satchidananda at the time he wrote this letter.

†Reprinted from The Brahmavadin, Vol. VII, 9.

FROM J. C. BOSE*

We hear little and see still less. Our range of perception of sound extends through only eleven octaves. There are many notes which we cannot hear. Our range of vision is still more limited, a single octave of ethereal notes—all that is visible to us. The lights we see are few, but the invisible lights are many.

* *

The seed falls to the ground and dreams awhile: then it awakes, and takes to building its house again. But the life of the seed is immortal. It is from the beginning to the end of time.

* *

Ether and ether-woven worlds.

* *

Every life is a bridge from Infinite to Infinite—a bridge from the accomplished Infinite behind to the potential Infinite before.

* *

Like the curves in the magnesium and other substances, a man should be able to pierce to his deepest depth, and rise to his highest height unrestrained at any point. So should one go through one's life, bounding backwards and forwards, unstayed, unfettered anywhere. This indeed is freedom.

* *

As the frequency of vibration rises still higher, our organs of perception fail us

completely; a great gap in our consciousness obliterates the rest. The brief flash of light is succeeded by unbroken darkness.

* *

How blind we are! How circumscribed is our knowledge! The little we can see is nothing, compared to what actually is.

* *

But things which are dark now will one day be made clear. Knowledge grows little by little, slowly but surely. Patient and long continued work will one day unravel many of the mysteries by which we are surrounded. Many wonderful things have recently been discovered. We have already caught broken glimpses of invisible lights. Someday, perhaps not far distant, we shall be able to see light gleams, visible and invisible, merging one into the other, in unbroken sequence.

* *

One values nothing till one has missed it. I could almost wish to have been denationalised by the blaze of a sudden sight of the glory of the West. I could almost wish to have renounced everything for that, *only to sound it to its uttermost, and turn again to one's own,—to win back one's nationality.* SUCH Hinduism, I take it, would be worth having.

* *

Only as one *earns* the right to be a Hindu, ought one to glory in one's ancestry.

*We are indebted to Sister Nivedita for these *sparks from the anvil* of the great Indian scientist who has built for himself a world-wide reputation by his brilliant physical investigations.—Ed.

MAYA

(Concluded from page 175)

THE mind is, in fact, an extremely plastic and mobile *something*, which we may think of as composed of psychic substance or 'mind stuff,' if that helps us to imagine it. *The nature of the mind is to be continually changing form, and to be constantly on the move.* We cannot help thinking of something, but we can think of only one thing at a time, and of that one thing only for a moment. The attempt to keep on thinking of one thing, or to 'think of nothing,' results in a change into another state or form of consciousness, the hypnotic or trance consciousness. According to the Eastern view, therefore, the external world, which is the sum total of our mental images, is a form taken by the mind: and Ego and non-Ego are two aspects of the one Reality.

Experimental psychology shows that both sense-impression and name contribute to the recall of an image: in our waking state, name being, so to say, a 'reflex' of sensation, and in the trance state, sensation being, in the same way, a reflex of name. Experimental psychology also says that 'every image recalls a former sensation'—a complete image recalling all the sensations that went to form it. In our waking state, these 'reflex' or inner sense-impressions, which come back from the image, are overpowered by the constant stream of direct or outer sense-impressions; they are not obliterated, but remain so faint that they do not often rise above 'the threshold of

consciousness,' and when they do so we call them 'hallucinations,' and we say that the person who experiences them is a lunatic. But some sane people can 'visualise' an object thought of, even with their eyes open, which is voluntary and conscious 'external projection' of the image by a single sense. Whenever a mental image presents itself, these faint sensations occur in respect to every sense, although we are so accustomed to them that they pass unnoticed. When for instance, you smell a bottle of violet perfume, the faint image of a violet arises in your mind's eye, although you do not perceive it; but if under the circumstances an equally faint image of a mutton chop arose instead, you would probably remark it, and think it strange. In the trance state, when the noisy stream of waking or outer sense-impressions is cut off, these feeble inner sense-impressions come into consciousness, are externalised, and are the realities of the trance state. These inner sense-impressions are with us all the time, however, in the storehouse of the mind, and it is the external projection of the image that produces them, upon the appropriate outer sense-impressions, that gives us the external or material world, as we sane people know it. The images of waking and of trance consciousness are, in fact, the same image seen by two different kinds of light. We see objects by candle-light only if the daylight is excluded; until then we do not even notice that a candle is burning. Experiment on persons

in a trance or hypnotic condition prove an extremely important fact, which, indeed, underlies the doctrine of Maya, namely, that *the sense of reality is not confined to our present consciousness*, and that, to all intents and purposes, the objects and events of the trance state and of the waking state are equally real. The Eastern omits 'to all intents and purposes,' as being a meaningless qualification, and says 'illusory' instead of 'real,' but he means the same thing that we do.

The doctrine of Maya is not that the world is a *hallucination* but that it is an *illusion*. The favourite Eastern illustration of Maya is 'seeing a snake in a rope,' and that snake is not a hallucination, like the snakes seen in delirium, for it has a material basis in the shape of certain sense-impressions that are common to both snake and rope (form, colour, position). Neither is 'seeing a snake in a rope' the same thing as 'mistaking a rope for a snake,' as we commonly understand it; for the rope would have to be *seen* to be *mistaken*, and no rope enters the consciousness of the person who sees snake where others see a rope. Experimental psychology throws light on the matter, for it deals with both hallucinations and illusions. A common experiment in hypnotism is to tell a subject that Mr. X., who is present, has gone away, the effect of this 'negative hallucination' being that the subject no longer sees, hears, or feels Mr. X. Then he is given a 'positive hallucination' which produces an *illusion*, for he is told that Mr. Y. has come in, and the place occupied by Mr. X. is indicated as that where Mr. Y. is standing; and forthwith the subject sees, hears, and feels Mr. Y.

instead of Mr. X., for he projects the mental image he has previously formed of Mr. Y. upon the 'corporeal accidents' of Mr. X. This cannot be called 'mistaking Mr. X. for Mr. Y.' It is *seeing Mr. Y. in Mr. X.* To understand it, we must remember that in the hypnotic state the external world is not entirely obliterated, as it is when the trance is complete: there is still a mixture of 'external sensations and internal images,' as in our normal state, only the external sensations are much weaker in hypnosis, and the internal images much stronger. The subject receives certain outer sense-impressions which are common to both X. and Y. (form, colour, position) and which give him no definite information by themselves; and on the top of these ambiguous sense-impressions he projects his mental image of Mr. Y., just as the man in the illustration of Maya projects the image of a snake on the vague outer sense-impressions made by both snake and rope equally. In the hypnotic experiment just quoted, there is an element of deception or delusion which is necessary in such experiments, in order to bring into prominence the characteristics of hypnosis; but a hypnotist can impress a truth in the mind hypnotically as easily and as firmly as a falsehood. This element of delusion (false inference) is also present in the example of 'seeing a snake in a rope'; but it is not a necessary or even normal factor in Maya; for the doctrine of Maya means that in every case the process is the same; whether we see a rope in a rope, or a snake in a rope, we project a mental image upon a basis formed by outer sense-impressions which have no meaning in themselves, and

which are caused we know not how, by we know not what. In the cases of the snake and of 'Mr. Y.' the external sensations and the internal images do not properly belong to each other, but only in that point do those examples differ from our ordinary experience. Luckily for us, the inappropriate conjunction of external sensations and internal images rarely occurs, or this would be even a madder world than it is.

The religious sentiment expresses itself in our case by picturing the future life as 'the true reality,' and this life as but a fleeting shadow; but, to the Eastern, manifested existence in every sphere is Maya; even the very Gods themselves are but temporary manifestations of the One Reality. The assumptions and inferences of the Eastern with regard to the Cosmos being thus different from ours, they very naturally lead to a different conclusion—a conclusion which gives rise to a morality that is a mixture of ethics, religion, and philosophy. That the world is a stage, and men are only players, is for the Hindu or Buddhist not an allegory, but a fact; and just as we would call an actor insane who allowed his mimic passions to become real ones, and to take possession of him, even so the Eastern looks upon those as demented who in their hearts attribute real value to the fads and baubles of this 'Vanity Fair.' 'Learn your part well, and act it to the best of your ability,' says the Eastern sage, 'but do not be so foolish as to fancy that you are a *real* king, or a *real* beggar, a *real* saint, or a *real* sinner, because you have been cast for those parts in the tragic-comedy of life.'

It is the belief in the reality of the

things of this world that makes men active, strenuous, eager, ambitious, vain, and selfish; that makes us, in fact, the practical materialists that we are, and gives us our whole civilisation; were we convinced of the mayavic or dream-like nature of existence, we should lose our energy, our ambition, our pride, and sink back into savagery. The Eastern knows all that as well as we do; but he replies that our nature and our circumstances happily combine to save us from both extremes. At times, even the most materialistic are penetrated by a feeling of the vanity and worthlessness of existence; for our sense of the importance of the things of this life is continually checked and balanced by a sub-conscious perception of their triviality. It is the constant mixture of those two elements that keeps us sane, for *sanity is the mean between two opposite insanities*. It is only the Sage who *without going mad* can look the Goddess in the face who manifests herself in the universe as Maha-Maya, 'the Great Illusion.'

By a wise provision of Nature, the sense of the unreality of things comes on gradually, as we grow older. When it does so, we tend naturally to religion; we begin to think about a future life, and to infer the unknown from the known; and our inferences are determined by the modes of thought that have become habitual to us. The Western, believing in Free-will, and in the reality of the objective universe, infers personal responsibility for his acts, and pictures to himself an after-life in which he will be rewarded or punished for his behaviour on earth. The Eastern makes a different inference: he knows that he is not the

Author of the play in which in this life he is an actor, nor did he distribute the parts; he did not even paint the scenery, or provide the dresses; the only responsibility he feels as justly his, is to perform creditably the part he has got to act, carrying out the instructions given by the Author to his stage manager, the priest. Here, however, is where the doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation dovetail into the doctrine of Maya, and we have to remember that, according to the doctrine of Karma, the consequences of our actions in this life work themselves out only in this world, either now or in a future incarnation; for the Eastern thinks that to punish us in another state of consciousness for acts done in this one, would be as futile and as unjust as to hang a man for a murder committed in a dream. But, how comes it, then, if rewards and punishments form no part of the Eastern conception of the other world, that no other religion, not even mediæval Christianity, has such charming Heavens and such frightful Hells as the Hindu and Buddhist religions?

Those Heavens and Hells are not, like ours, places where rewards and punishments are dealt out to us by a Being with strong likes and dislikes, for doing, or failing to do, what He requires of us; they are nothing more than vivid dreams, which however, are perfectly 'real' to the dreamers, for when we die, we take with us the mental images which we have created for ourselves in this life, and which are stored up in our 'sub-conscious' memory. These mental images 'project' themselves, and are then our 'external world,' and the mind, by a law of its nature, flits from one of these externally-

projected images to another, in the same way as it flits from one object to another, or from one thought to another, in this life. The future life is, therefore, *the reverberation of this life*, this life turned inside out, as it were—the subjective become the objective; and the Eastern Hells *punish* us only in the sense that we are 'punished' for not looking where we are going when we knock our heads against a wall. If you have been so foolish as to make enemies of Gods and men during this life, you will find their images awaiting you when you die—no longer recognised by you as only mental images, but terribly real, and full of life and enmity; for the memory of all your earthly acts will then arise before you, and if your conscience accuses you the angry Gods will cast you into a lake of fire, or demon enemies will kill you over and over again. If you have been wise enough to make for yourself pleasant images, the Gods will welcome you to the heavenly regions, and the friends who have preceded you to Yama's kingdom will crowd lovingly about you.

Of course, if it be true that the parts we have to play here below are distributed to us by the Author of the play, the criminal and the sinner are not wholly guilty for the crimes and sins they commit, and the Hells they earn for themselves are not to all appearance deserved; but *the Author writes up to the players as he finds them*, and invents parts suited to the capacities and aptitudes of each; and *it is in our power*, if we only understood it to be so, *to make ourselves fit for parts here on earth the acting of which would give us pleasant dreams when we die*. Individually, men may not deserve the

Hells that are in store for them, for they are not *individually* responsible for the lives they are now obliged to lead ; but *collectively* they are responsible, for, as regards all human institutions, 'man is the master of things.' Religions have always used the fear of Hell as an incentive to virtue, and they are fully warranted in so doing ; but *as a place of punishment* Hell is a conception which is for many reasons logically untenable ; and the recent fashion of saying that it is 'a state and not a place' does not mend matters, for, in this reference, the two words are synonymous—a nightmare is not less unpleasant because it is a state and not a place ; and the prospect of damnation is

not one whit more agreeable when Hell is regarded as 'only a state of consciousness.'

I may say in conclusion that the moral effect of the doctrine of Maya is to 'incline our hearts to keep God's law' ; that is to say, its effect is to make us anxious to act in this life so as to earn pleasant dreams in the next—anxious to conduct ourselves in all things so as to make not only Gods and men our friends, but also the whole of Nature ; and this may be done by 'Reciprocity'—by *all men* 'doing to others as they would be done by,'—*and by no other means whatever.*—'LUX' in *Light* (London).

A DREAM

DREAMING is so common an experience, that we have become accustomed to it, and pass dreams by untouched by them. But sometimes, are they not really creators for us, because with their magical power, they bring forth to our mental vision wonderful images ? If they affect us, they exist to as much purpose as anything else which affects us. Many of us can recall dreams that have been of value, in fact, a revelation made to us. Let me give an illustration from my own recent experience. In my dream, I was walking along a lonely path. The mists and shadows of night were dispelled at the touch of dawn, gleams of universal life were breaking all over, and nature was awaking. There was no one astir at this early hour, and I was moving leisurely on my way. Yet beautiful as the morning was, a sense of discomfort came to me. Suddenly, a low wall obstructed my passage. I raised my foot, intending to surmount the obstacle,

but as I touched it, lo and behold, it fell away, causing me to lose my foot-hold, and almost fall backwards. Again the wall rose intact before me, and once more I essayed to step upon it but with a similar result. Perplexed and annoyed at being delayed by such a trifling matter, I thought of jumping clear over it without touching it which I immediately accomplished. On looking round, I noticed, to my surprise, that no wall was visible. The intense feeling of astonishment aroused me from sleep, and as I mused over the vivid dream, it was strongly impressed on my mind, that the wall represented the stumbling-block of worldly enjoyments, which rears itself up as a hindrance across our path, causing the unwary feet to trip and impossible to overcome if touched or tampered with. The only way to escape is jumping clear across.

"O Desire, I know where thy root lies. Thou art born of thought. I shall not think of thee, and thou shalt cease to exist as well as thy root."—*Mahabharata*.

C. S.

REVIEW

SHAKESPEARE'S HAMLET AND THE WASTE OF LIFE. By WILLIAM MILLER, C. I. E., D. D., LL. D., Madras, 1902.†

Our college students have to read Shakespeare for their examinations. We believe that a good many of them would fail to take the full moral advantage of their study if they were only shown how they could. Dr. Miller is doing a most useful service to these students by offering them the leading-strings of his valuable and suggestive thoughts on the characters drawn by Shakespeare in his immortal dramas. Read in the light of this author, these dramas acquire an importance identical with the meaning of our very life on earth and an interest which is as abiding as the moral instinct in man. According to him Hamlet brings the doom upon himself not by any want of knowledge of what he ought to have done, but because he lacks that strong practical impulsiveness which impels a man to dash into the field of work to accomplish what he feels right and good. Without this practical impulsiveness which the author calls "sense of duty" all the other virtues that a man may possess will not keep him from getting stranded in insuperable difficulties and making a wreck of himself when he is beset with untoward conditions from the outside world. A

man must not rest content with some good "instinctive tendencies" but should know how to *use* them to his highest advantage—"to turn instinctive tendency into settled character." "It is fundamental among such laws (as govern things in the universe) that a life not inspired and controlled by the impulse to secure that what is right shall be at all costs done, is a life that can come to no good and a life that must be ineffectual and wasted." (P. 55). This is the great lesson that we learn from the central figure of the drama under notice. A study of the subordinate characters is also given which is none the less interesting and instructive for being concise. Laertes unlike Hamlet, possesses great practicality, but in his case it is carried to a fatal extreme; it is run into inconsiderate haste which is quite as bad as inactivity. The same fate or more fearful fate overtakes the one who is practical but not thoughtful as the other who is thoughtful but not practical. Polonius is a man of form and rule. "He is the pattern of self-satisfied officialism," "comfortably confident that mechanical rule may take the place of insight," and as the result of this great defect in his character, Polonius suffers his fate. Horatio's love for Hamlet is genuine, but he is wanting in the power to diagnose his friend's disease and has not self-reliance enough to boldly set himself as a check upon the latter's weaknesses,

†Messrs. G. A. Natesan & Co., Esplanade, Madras. Price Re. One.

even when he sees to what fateful end they are leading Hamlet. He resolves not to survive his friend. But he would have been wiser if he knew, and acted on, the principle that it was not always good for a man to give full rein to his 'high and honourable feelings', but that he should at times restrain them and act with seeming sternness, nay even with cruelty, in order to really promote the cause he wanted to serve. Ophelia's fault lies in her over-softness, yielding always to the influences of others.

Almost all the characters mentioned above possess some excellent moral qualities. Of Hamlet it may be said that he is "a man in whom there is nearly everything that is noble and attractive or at all events much that far excels the type of ordinary humanity." And yet the fact that they all meet the same fate shows that none of them satisfy the poet's idea of the good. To know what that idea is, is to know a truth of immense value to all who want to be really good. "The good man is the man in whom the elements of good within, whether few or many, are steadily growing, and on the road towards prevailing. The evil man is he in whom still existing good is decaying, while the forces of evil meet with steadily lessening resistance of restraint" (P. 95).

We believe what we have said above will give our reader some idea of the nature of the book under review. To understand fully its work and enjoy its full benefit every one has to read it for himself. But before we conclude, we must place before the reader the author's wise and sympathetic comparison between Hamlet and the modern Indian

youth, which he institutes with the object of bringing home to their hearts the one thing they lack viz., PRACTICALITY.

"On the part of Indian students, there are special reasons for such concentration of thought on Hamlet. In him they may, in no small measure, see themselves. Those who really know them will gladly concede to them no inconsiderable share of the good qualities which appear so strongly in Shakespeare's portrait of the Prince of Denmark, no inconsiderable share of his natural kindliness of demeanour, of his sensitive appreciation of all things lovable and good, of his instinctive insight into character, and even of his aptitude for keen and lofty speculation. But the best friends of those by whom the India of coming generations will be mainly moulded cannot deny that if they have something of Hamlet's strength they have lamentably much of Hamlet's weakness. In them as in him, the tendency to ruinous delay, the tendency to turn aside from deeds and "impack the heart with words," and many another tendency which makes life profitless and ineffective, is too sadly plain. To say the least, their need is conspicuously great to lay to heart the lesson that a man may possess wealth of mental and even of moral power, may think many a lofty thought and cherish many a noble feeling, and yet, because the sense of duty is weak in him or wanting, may be in deadly danger of so failing to fulfil the purpose of his being that his wasted life will be

'Cast as rubbish to the void
When God has made the pile complete.'"

IN MEMORIAM: SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

*From the San Francisco Class of Vedanta Philosophy to His Brother Sannyasins**at the Math in India:*

THE sad news has just reached us by way of New York of the sudden taking off of most worshipful Master Swami Vivekananda, who after a long and painful illness of Bright's disease, peacefully passed into the arms of the Infinite Mother on July the fourth. Our beloved has followed Him for whom his favorite theme was "My Master." Never has man written sweeter things of one he loved. As he loved and revered his Master, so we will love and cherish his sacred memory. He was one of the greatest souls that has visited the earth for many centuries. An incarnation of his Master, of Krishna, Buddha, Christ and all other great souls. He came fitted to fill the needs of the times as they are now. His was a twin soul to that of his Master, who represented the whole philosophy of all religions, be they ancient or modern. Vivekananda has shaken the whole world with his sublime thoughts and they will echo down through the halls of time until time shall be no more. To him all people and all creeds were one. He had the patience of Christ and the generosity of the sun that shines and the air of heaven. To him a child could talk, a beggar, a prince, a slave or harlot. He said: "They are all of one family, I

can see myself in all of them and they in me. The world is one family, and its parent and Infinite Ocean of Reality, Brahman."

Nature had given him a physique beautiful to look upon, with features of an Apollo. But nature had not woven the warp and woof of his mortal frame so that it might withstand the wear and tear of a tremendous will within and the urgent calls from without. For he gave himself to a waiting world. Coming to this country as he did, a young man, a stranger in a foreign land, and meeting with the modern world's choicest divines, and holding those great and critical audiences of the World's Congress of Religions in reverential awe, with his high Spiritual Philosophy and sublime oratory, was an unusual strain for one so young. No other person stood out with such magnificent individuality; no creed or dogma could so stand. No other one had a message of such magnitude. Professors of our great universities listened with profound respect. "Compared to whose gigantic intellect these were as mere children," "This great Hindoo Cyclone has shaken the world," this was said after he passed through Detroit, Mich. No tongue was foreign to him, no people and no clime

were strange. The whole world was his field of labor. His reward is now a season of rest in the Infinite Mother's arms, then to return to a waiting world. When he comes again, then may we appreciate the fullness of his great spirit. And may we who knew him latest be in the flesh at that time.

While on a visit to this far Pacific Coast many of us had unusual opportunities of knowing him. The sad news of his untimely death comes to us with all the profound mystery of mortal death, intensified to a profound degree. He is to us what Jesus Christ is to many devout Christians. Although no more with us in the flesh, having been relieved of an insidious disease, the result of over strain, yet he is with us more than before. We consider that we were exceedingly fortunate to have known him in the flesh, to have communed with him in person and to have felt the sweet influence of his Divine presence.

May our Mantram ever be

Infinite, eternal Bliss to Thee

Our dearly beloved Swamijee,

All the days and nights of eternity.

In the death of Swamijee our cause at large has suffered the loss of a great and beloved leader, whose genial smile, pleasant words and affable address made his presence ever welcome. His was a pronounced personality with the noblest of attributes, both human and divine, he gave himself to the world. He lived up to the highest standard of spirituality, so that his name, character and memory are an inspiration and benediction to his followers.

"There is no death." An Angel form
Walks o'er the earth in silent tread.
He bears our best loved things away—
And then we call them "dead."

"But ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread ;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead."

Brother, Companion, Master,—Peace and
Farewell.

In view of the foregoing be it

RESOLVED, That while we may not perfectly understand why our Great Leader has been so suddenly called from our midst, we reverently bow to the will of the Supreme Mother, who is too wise to err and too good to be unkind.

RESOLVED, That although we cannot satisfactorily philosophize over the death of our honored Master, our confidence remains unshaken in the Infinite Spirit, and we firmly believe that his companion Sannyasins will be sweetly and adequately comforted and receive the consolations of the Divine Spirit according to the measure of their need.

RESOLVED, That this expression of our love and affection for our dear departed Master be spread upon the records of the Class, and that copies thereof be forwarded to his fellow Sannyasins at the Math in India and elsewhere.

Reverently submitted,

SAN FRANCISCO CLASS
OF VEDANTA PHILOSOPHY.

M. H. LOGAN, President

C. F. PETERSEN, Vice President

A. S. WOLLBERG, Secretary

NEWS AND NOTES

BEES eat 20 lbs. of honey in making 1 lb. of wax.

IT is intended to establish stations for wireless telegraphy between Italy and Argentina.

SINCE 1850, the world has expended £300,000,000 in waging war, and four times that sum in holding standing armies in readiness!

A WONDERFUL echo can be heard in a room in the castle of Simonetta, near Milan. A loud noise, such as a pistol-shot, is repeated sixty times.

AN additional two lakhs has been provided this year for electric-lighting and punkha-pulling in barracks and hospitals of British troops in India.

SOME enterprising Japanese started laundry work in Rangoon, and have been so well patronised that they have sent to Singapore for some more of their compatriots.

THERE is not a town of 10,000 people in Japan which does not possess at least one newspaper and the two or three cheap popular papers in the capital have circulations running from 100,000 to 150,000.

AT a meeting held at Vivekananda School, Vannarponnai on the 5th November under the presidency of Advocate Talyasingam, it was resolved to

inaugurate a Sabbai in Jaffna, Ceylon in the name of the late Swami Vivekananda.

THE area of the water famine is extending in England. Some wells in the Thames Valley, less than a mile from the river, have failed the first time within living memory. The dearth of water is becoming serious in the Chilterns, and some Surrey villages are almost waterless.

A NOVEL invention of Professor Artemieff gives security to workers in laboratories using high-tension electric currents. It is a safety dress of fine but closely-woven wire gauze. Clad in this armour the inventor received discharges from currents of 75,000 to 150,000 volts, and handled live wires at pleasure, all without any sensation of electric shock.

THE thanks of the Bengal Government have been conveyed to Rai Amrita Nath Mitter Bahadur, who has deposited at the Government Treasury a sum of Rs. 22,036 for the construction of an additional building to be called the Dwarka Nath Mitter's Out-Door Eye Dispensary in connection with the Medical College Hospital Calcutta.

THE French savants who conduct the Mont-Blanc Observatory have conceived a novel scheme for meteorological observations in winter. A giant thermometer is to be constructed and placed on the peak so that in clear weather, what-

ever the depth of snow which renders access impossible, the temperature may be read by those below with the help of a telescope.

ANOTHER generous American has made a munificent gift to India. We are told that the Hon. Mr. John Wanamaker, ex-Post-Master-General of the United States, who visited this country recently, has given a lakh of rupees to the educational work of the American Presbyterian Mission at Allahabad and has promised further assistance as the work develops.

THE Silk Industry of Kashmir continues to flourish and promises to become one of the staple products of that State. Last year there was a return of six lakhs, equal to 100 per cent, on the capital outlay of the Durbar in the interests of silk manufacture, and this flourishing state of affairs has induced numbers of men, women, and children to devote their leisure hours to the rearing of the silk worm.

A FLYING machine has been constructed on a new principle by M. Lhoste, a well-known French aeronaut, who dispenses with a balloon in his contrivance and relies on wings. The car is made of aluminium, and contains a small motor, which works five pairs of wings, each wing being 9ft. long and 20in. broad. The wings rise and fall one after the other at the rate of three movements a second. There are two rudders.

AN attempt is being made, by some friends of India in America to secure American support for an organisation

for the secular education, chiefly technical and scientific, of Native children with the help of teachers brought out from America. Hopes are entertained of attracting to this scheme the practical sympathy of such Americans as came under the influence of the late Swami Vivekananda during his sojourn in America.

AFFAIRS in Ireland are drifting from bad to worse. It is most significant that from the two ends of the wire, as we may call it, comes an ammunition into Ireland. The chief Constable of Birmingham has found it necessary, on account of the unusually large consignment of arms and cartridges to Ireland, to issue a warning notice to manufacturers. On the other hand, an Irish magistrate writes to the Times urging the Government to prevent the importation of arms, which are, he says, only wanted for insurrection and murder. Affairs are in a very grave condition indeed.

THE Amir has decided to establish a college called "Habibulla" after himself, at Kabul for the education of Afgan children, and has written to the Lahore Anjuman, to which he gave a donation recently, for teachers from among the graduates, or at least under-graduates, versed in the method of instruction and in Urdu, Arabic, mathematics, chemistry, philosophy, etc., besides English and Persian. They must have passed a course in the training college and be qualified as teachers of young children. One versed in all the curriculum of Indian colleges will be preferred and placed over those possessing less experience.